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ATTORNEY.

R. L. BLAIR,
Attorney at Law & Collecting Agent
Jonesboro', Tenn.
PROMPT attention given to all business
intrusted to me throughout the counties
comprising Upper East Tennessee
October 14 75. 11.

JOHN B. M'LIN.
Attorney at Law & Collecting Agent.
Jonesboro', Tenn.
PROMPT attention given to all busi-
ness entrusted to me throughout the
counties comprising Upper East Tennes-
see. Oct-21-1875-47.

S. E. GRIFFITH.
Attorney at Law and Collection Agent
JONESBORO', TENNESSEE.
All business entrusted to him will re-
ceive prompt attention.
Dec 23nd.

JAMES G. DEADERICK, ATTORNEY
AT LAW AND SOLICITOR IN CHARGE.
JONESBORO', TENN. Office in
Graham & Lampton's New Building,
Up Stairs, No. 2. (71m423.)

S. J. KIRKPATRICK, ATTORNEY AT
LAW, JONESBORO', TENN. Office in
Graham & Lampton's New Building, Up
Stairs, No. 2. (70m426.)

E. N. GRIFFITH, ATTORNEY AT
LAW AND COLLECTING AGENT.
JONESBORO', TENN. Special attention
given to collections. Office, one door
East of E. W. Devault & Co., under
Keen's Gallery.

A. J. BROWN, ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND COLLECTING AGENT. JONES-
BORO', TENN. PROMPT attention given
to collections in East Tennessee, and
Southwestern Va. (70m426.)

W. P. GILLENWATERS, ATTOR-
NEY AT LAW, ROGERSVILLE, TENN.
Will practice in the Circuit and Chancery
courts of Hawkins, Greene, Hancock and
Washington counties, and in the Supreme
and Federal Courts at Knoxville, Tenn.
April 13th.

J. W. TIFTON, ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
Elizabethton, Tenn. Will practice in
the Court of Carter, Sullivan and Wash-
ington Counties, Tenn. Special atten-
tion given to the Collection of Claims.
72m4117-1y

A. H. FETTERSON, JAS. H. ROBINSON
FETTERSON & ROBINSON, ATTOR-
NEYS AND COUNSELLORS, Greene
Co., Tenn. Will practice in all the
courts of Upper East Tennessee, and
the Supreme and Federal Court at
Knoxville. Collections promptly made
and remitted. (73m4y8)

F. S. SINGLETARY,
Attorney at Law,
and Solicitor in Chancery
Elizabethton, Tennessee.
Prompt attention given to the Col-
lection of Claims.
July 15 1875.

MISCELLANEOUS.

J. T. CAZIER, D. D. S.,
DENTAL ROOMS,
IN the Building formerly occupied by
the Rev. Dr. Munsey, 3 doors East
of the M. E. C. S. Main Street,
JONESBORO', TENNESSEE.
Feb 23rd.

DR. J. M. KINC,
(Graduate of the Baltimore College of
Dental Surgery.)
Will scientifically Perform
all Dental Operations
and Guarantee
Satisfaction.

WILL B. AT
BRISTOL, Tenn., from the 1st to the
9th of each month, office, 5th street,
1st door from Main.
UNION, Tenn., from the 9th to the 16th
of each month; office Main street, East
End.
JOHNSON CITY, Tenn., the remainder
of the month; office, Dr. Sechorn's old
office.
may 20m12.

FRANK POTTS, S. S. BRIDGERS.
Potts & Bridgers.
General Commission Merchants.
Petersburg, Va.
Consignments Solicited and faithful at-
tention pledged.

SPECIALTIES, E. Tennessee
FLOUR AND GRAIN.
Refer by permission to Messrs. C. D.
Wright & Co., Morrisburg, Tennessee.
Watauga Mills, Carter, Tenn., Dull &
Taylor, Marion, Va.
Aug 12m6.

Penniman & Co.,
IMPORTERS & WHOLESALE
DEALERS IN
FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC
Hardware,
No. 10, N. HOWARD STREET
BALTIMORE

MILTON KEEN.
CABIN MAKER.
And dealer in all kinds of
FURNITURE,
JONESBOROUGH TENNESSEE.
Keeps constantly on hand Furniture of
all kinds.
Bureaus, Bed-rooms, Lounges,
Ages, &c., &c.,
and will always keep his ware-rooms
well filled with furniture. Good lumber
wanted in exchange for furniture.
Those who may be so unfortunate as
to lose their friends will find coffins of
all kinds ready for use at my shop.
April 19 75.

Herald and Tribune.

Honesty of Purpose and Equal Rights to all Men, will secure Happiness to the People.

VOL. VII.

JONESBOROUGH, TENN.,

THURSDAY, APRIL 6, 1876.

NO. 28.

WINNER SCHEDULE.

E. T. Va. & Ga. R. R.		
ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF TRAINS		
TRAINS.	ARRIVES.	LEAVES.
No. 1, Western Bound Mail	6:08 A. M.	6:02 A. M.
No. 2, Eastern Bound Mail	9:02 P. M.	9:03 P. M.
No. 3, Western Bound Mail	9:02 P. M.	9:08 P. M.
No. 4, Eastern Bound Mail	7:10 A. M.	7:25 A. M.
No. 5, Western Bound Freight	1:55 A. M.	9 A. M.
No. 6, Eastern Bound Freight	6:18 P. M.	6:27 P. M.

(FOR THE HERALD AND TRIBUNE.)
"LONG AGO."

TO L. M. C. OF BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

Auburn hair with eyes of blue,
Girlish face and heart of old;
Smiles that spoke affection true,
Form of grace in beauty's mold,
Treasurer of the long ago!

Little cottage bright and fair,
Home of joy and of love;
Will she ever welcome there:
Forms akin to those above.
Friends alas! of long ago!

Little May and Birdie too,
Do you sometimes think of him;
Who though crushed was ever true:
And till life's bright hours grew dim
Will bless the long ago!

Weeks and years have sped away,
Full of sorrow and of pain;
Still he waits the welcome day,
Bringing back the loved again,
Of the long ago!

How he misses, loved and lost,
Visions of the happy past:
"Foolish words," that bliss have cost:
Will this exile always last?
For the long ago!

Father, mother, sister dear,
Must be still in saddest life:
Speak, from your bright home up there,
And tell her to forgive!
For the sake of long ago!

AIM HIGH.
BY MARY E. LAMBERT.

Aim high, my lad, aim high!
Let me this lesson teach;
Aim high, but not too high,
Beyond your skill to reach

'Tis well for one to grasp
The blessings as they come;
Too oft we seek afar
For joys we find at home.

Ambitious? That is well!
Your goal the mount of fame?
Press on and upward, lad,
And win an honored name!

Be not forgetful then
That records make the years;
Neglect no minor point
However small it appears.

When building, first make brick,
Then place them one by one;
Go careful, sure, and firm,
Until your work is done.

See how the brilliant thoughts
From author's brains flow fall,
Each sentence rare is traced
In letters large and small.

Aim high, my lad, aim high!
But carefully take aim;
For one must hit the mark
To bring down sighted game.

The Language of Animals.

The sentience of the sheep's art, it is said, surpasses all things in nature that I know of. A ewe will distinguish her own lamb's bleat among a thousand, all bleating at the same time, and making a noise a thousand times louder than the singing of palms at a Cameronian sacrament in the fields, where thousands are congregated—and that is no joke either. Bedouins distinguishment of voice is perfectly reciprocal between the ewe and lamb, who amid the deafening sound, run to meet one another. There are few things which have ever amused me more than a sheep sharing and then the sport continues the whole day. We put the flock into the fold, set out all the lambs to the hill, and then send the ewe to them as they are shorn. The moment that a lamb hears its dam's voice it rushes from the crowd to meet her, but instead of fluting the rough well clad, comfortable mamma which it left an hour, or few hours, ago, it meets a poor, naked, shivering—a most deplorable looking creature. It wheels about, and uttering a loud, tremulous bleat of perfect despair, flies from the frightful vision. The mother's voice arrests his flight—it returns—flies. And returns again generally for ten or a dozen times, before the reconciliation is made up.

James Hogg.

THE LAWYER AND THE LADY.

**A Touching Tale of Woe—
The Miserable Man who
Wouldn't Marry his
Mother-in-Law—A
naughty milliner.
Inefficiency of
our State
Laws.**

A rather funny little incident happened a few days since to a disciple of Blackstone, whose shingle is hung out on Chapel street. The lawyer was in the enjoyment of his after-dinner cigar, with his feet elevated at the regulation angle on his office table, and with his head concealed in the feathery clouds emanating from the cigar, when suddenly there came a tapping at his chamber door.

"Tis some visitor," he muttered, bringing his feet down to the floor; and then, aloud, "come in."

In response to the invitation there entered a female, over whose head had rolled the suns of some fifty summers, as indicated by the occasional thread of silver which relieved its prevailing redness. The figure of the lady was copious, and there was an air of dauntless resolution about her which betokened business.

"Sir," she said, addressing the lawyer and advancing into the middle of the room with measured stride, "I am in deep affliction and come to you for advice and assistance."

The lady's accents were touchingly plaintive, being evidently founded upon Mrs. Badell, of mournful memory.

"Madam, be seated. My services are at your disposal. Command me." Thus said the lawyer.

"Sir," said the bright-haired client, "one year ago I was the mother of a fair young girl, then scarce nineteen years of age. She was, indeed, beautiful. The rose and the lily were delicately blended in her cheek; her form was of fairy grace; all who knew her loved her." This touching eulogium brought a tear into the left hand corner of the lady's eye, and the lawyer made a note on't.

"Among her many suitors," pursued the affectionate parent, "was a young man, a machinist, named George—We all regarded him as an exceedingly estimable and right-principled young man. He doted on my daughter, and my daughter she doted on him. In short, his suit prospered, and they were married. 'George,' my dear daughter said before the ceremony, 'you know I cannot live away from my precious ma; she must abide with us.' 'By all means,' replied George, 'life would be a desert without her.' Here the lady gave vent to powerful sob which threatened to rend the bosom of the black moire antique dress which enclosed her well-developed form.

After a brief season of recuperation, she proceeded: "We all lived together very happily for about six months. To my daughter and her husband, life was like a Summer dream, an Arcadian paradise. The sun shone, the birds sang, the waters played—everything was bright and beautiful."

"Ah, I see," murmured the lawyer, "the goose hung altitudinal."

"Just so," assented the lady; but one day my daughter was taken sick, and after a very brief illness she went to sing songs with the angels. As she lay on her death-bed she summoned her husband and said, 'George, care for mother when I am gone; be good to her!' [Sob the second.] "After she was dead I asked George what construction he placed upon our darling's words. He said he had been thinking about them, and asked me how I construed them. I told him it seemed to me that she desired that we should live together forever and ever; that I should in fact, fill her place in his desolate home. He replied that such was pretty much his idea. And so," continued the veteran, becoming a trifle mixed in her parts of speech, "from that day we were all in all to each other, and we suffered much happiness."

"Do you mean to say," asked the lawyer, "that you and this man lived together as man and wife?"

"Such," responded the lady, "is the plain English version of the fact. As I said, every thing was lovely for a time; but recently he has imbibed a habit—he always would imbibe something—of absenting himself from home at night, more especially on Wednesday and Sunday evenings and I have learned by dint of patient and vigilant inquiry, that he is sparking, actually sparking, a bold-faced and brass-mouthed milliner on Orange street."

[Another sob of tremendous volume.]

"Well, what do you mean to do about it?" inquired the lawyer.

"Do about it!" shrieked the enraged female, "do about it! I want you to get out an injunction to restrain the man from sparking that nasty milliner any more, and I want you to get out a summary process to compel him to marry me."

"Madame," responded the lawyer with gravity, "I am sorry that I can do nothing for you. Those cheerful enactments which were in the vogue in the days of Miles Standish and the Pilgrim Fathers generally, which prohibited sparking on the part of young people, are not now in force, while our more modern legislators, with reprehensible negligence, have failed to enact a law for compelling a man to marry his mother-in-law. The case is hopeless."

The lady arose, and after casting a look of withering contempt upon the lawyer who could do nothing, and having given vent to a most prodigious and complicated sniff, she swept haughtily and majestically from the premises.

Mark Twain's References.

And Mark Twain made up his mind that he must marry, and that no one else but that particular girl could be Mrs. Twain. He set about that courtship in his usual slow, deliberate, drawing fashion, because Mark Twain, in the conception and execution of every piece of business, rates far above the mere literary adventurer. He is a man of inscrutable depth. He goes for his game in the most extraordinary fashion. He drops in and makes his points as he does his story in a manner and form a direction least expected by the looker on.

Well, there was a father-in-law to be won as well as the girl, and the father-in-law had to be carried first, like the outer parallel in a line of defence. The father-in-law was immersed in business. He hadn't much time to think of family matters, but at last it occurred to him that Mark had become very frequent at the house and that his objective point seemed to be the daughter.

So he called Mark aside one day and said: "Mr. Twain, you seem to be paying attention to my daughter. Now, we all like you pretty well, you know, and we of course all acquainted with your reputation as a literary man—Still, in other respect you are a stranger to us, and some references as to your character and standing are desirable."

"That's very reasonable," said Mark. "That's natural and parental. It's just what I should do were I in your position. I guess I can give you some names that will satisfy you. Now, there's Mr. Goodman of the Territorial Enterprise. And there's Mr. Frederick McCrellish of the Alta California. You write to them. I guess they'll give me a good character. I guess they will lie for me. I've done the same for them whenever a requisition has been made upon me."

But Mark married the girl notwithstanding.

The Value of Education.

Jake was heard calling across the fence to his neighbor's son, a colored youth who goes to school at the Atlanta colored university:

"Look hyar, boy, you goes ter school, don't you?"

"Yes sir," replied the boy?

"Gittin' eddykasun, ain't yer?"

"Yes sir."

"Larin' rithmetic and figgerin' on a slate, eh?"

"Yes sir."

"Well, it don't take two whole days to make a hour, do it?"

"Why no?" exclaimed the boy,

"You was guine ter bring dat hatchet back in a hour, wa't yer?"

"Yes, sir."

"An' it's bin two days since you borrowed it. Now, what good eddykasun gwine ter do you thick-skulled niggers when yer go to school a whole year an' den can't tell how long 't takes to fetch back a hatchet?"

The boy got mad and along the hatchet over the fence and half through an ash barrel.—Atlanta Constitution.

"My wife tells the truth three times a day," remarked a jocosely old fellow at the same time casting a very mischievous glance at her, "Before rising in the morning she says, 'Oh, dear! I must get up, but I don't want to.' After breakfast she adds, 'Well I suppose I must go to work, but I don't want to; and she goes to bed saying, 'There! I have been passing all day and haven't done anything.'"

No Doubt of It.—What is the cause of gravity?—The letter V.

A Texas Story.

CHAPTER III.

Mr. Morton after wandering over the prairie for sometime, at last gave up the search for the night, and concluded to renew it in the morning.

With saddened hearts the trio retraced their way home, with the one agonizing thought, "what has become of Helen?" They reached the cottage and sat for some time considering how to act. Arthur was almost frantic with grief and refused to be consoled.

Next morning Mr. Morton thought it best that Ned should take Arthur to the nearest house and if possible engage some one else to accompany them in their search. Ned started on this errand just as Aurora was beginning to sip the dew of morn.

When he returned he was in company with six or seven others, who were noted for their bravery and who seemed anxious for an Indian chase. In a short time the search began in earnest. They peered into every clump of bushes and gazed over the prairie with the hope of seeing even a trace of the lost one, but in this they were disappointed. They stopped at 12 o'clock to take some refreshments which they had brought with them. After eating and letting their horses graze on the long prairie grass for a short time, they again started forward. But after riding for sometime they at last concluded that they were on the wrong trail, and started in a different direction.

After the expiration of an hour or two they soon saw that their search would prove fruitless for that day at least, for already the sun was declining in the west. They next thought of finding a suitable place to pass the night. Late in the evening they came to a clump of bushes; here they alighted. They kindled a fire and prepared some game for supper which they had shot during the day. After this they spread out their shawls and were soon sleeping soundly, all except Mr. Morton who lay awake the greater part of the night thinking of his loved one.

At day-break they prepared hurriedly some breakfast, mounted their horses and started on their search again.

After riding some distance they came to a dark wood. This they entered, old Ned and one of the bravest in the crowd leading the way. Sometimes their progress would almost be impeded by the low shrubby brush which was abundant. As they were riding slowly along they espied a small hut covered with skins and bark. Ned was the first to see it and directed the attention of the rest to it.

"See here boys you'd just better have your guns ready or the first thing you know, Mr. Redskins will have you." Ned had scarcely finished his warning sentences before they espied the figure of an Indian stealing cautiously out of the wigwam, but on seeing them he turned back quickly and went into the hut. Now thought they, "we're in for a fight." They pushed forward and were soon in front of the door. By this time the Indian they had first espied, had given the alarm to the inmates. One of the party hallooed, and the door was opened by an Indian.

"Have you seed anything of a white girl round in these parts?" said Ned.

"Here I am Ned, do come and release me!" Said a voice inside. Just then one of the Indians raised his tomahawk over the head of the lovely Helen and swore that if she uttered another word he would kill her right there. But the voice was too familiar not to be recognized by Ned and Mr. Morton. In an instant they were all off their horses, and demanded of them to release her. This, one of the Indians declared he would not do, and swore he would shoot the first one who attempted to enter. One of the party at this insolent speech levelled his gun at his head and fired. The shot proved fatal and the Indian staggered and fell. At this the rest of the party made a rush into the hut and soon a combat ensued in which two more of the Indians fell, and the other being wounded was ready to yield. In a few moments a father and daughter were clasped in each other's arms, with tears of gratitude and thankfulness running down their cheeks.

The little party soon made ready to start back taking with them the beautiful Helen and three Indian scalps besides.

H. S.

God is the Christian's banker He honors all drafts drawn by a clear conscience, written by the pen of faith, with the ink of love, on the paper of ignorance.

A Touching Incident.

"Dixie," the Washington correspondent of the Chelsea Telegraph and Pioneer, gives the following incident in a recent issue of that paper:

In travelling we often meet with persons of different nationalities and languages. We also meet with incidents of varied characters, some sorrowful and others joyful and instructive. One of the latter character I witnessed recently while traveling upon the cars. The train was going west, and the time was evening. At a station a little girl about eight years old came aboard carrying a little budget under her arm. She came into the cars and deliberately took a seat. She then commenced an eager scrutiny of faces, but all were strange to her. She appeared weary and placing her budget for a pillow she prepared to try to secure a little sleep. Soon the conductor came along collecting tickets and fare. Observing him she asked if she might lie there. The gentlemanly conductor replied that she might, and then kindly asked for her ticket. She informed him that she had none, when the following conversation ensued.

"Who pays your fare?" he asked again.

"Mister," she then said, "does this railroad lead to heaven, and does Jesus travel on it?"

"I think not," he answered. "Why do you think so?"

"Why, sir, before my ma died she used to sing to me of a heavenly railroad; and you looked so nice and talked so kind, I thought this was the road. My ma used to sing of Jesus heavenly railroad, and that He paid the fare for everybody, and that the train stopped at every station to take the people on board, but my ma don't sing to me any more. Nobody sings to me and I thought I would take the cars and go to ma. Mister, do you sing to your little girl about heaven? You have a little girl, haven't you?"

"No, my little dear," he replied, "I have no little girl now. I had one once but she died some time ago and went to heaven!"

"Did she go over this railroad, are you going to see her now?" she again asked.

By this time every person in the car was upon his feet, and most of them were weeping. An attempt to describe what I witnessed is almost futile. Some said "God bless that little girl!" Hearing some say that she was an angel, the little girl earnestly replied, "Yes, my ma used to say that I would be an angel some time."

Addressing herself once more to the conductor, she asked:

"Do you love Jesus? I do, and if you love Him He will let you ride to heaven on his railroad. I am going there, and I wish you would go with me. He will let you in, and everybody who will ride on his railroad—yes, all these people. Wouldn't you like to see heaven and Jesus and your little girl?"

These words, so innocently and pathetically uttered, brought a great gush of tears from all eyes, but most profuse from the eyes of the conductor. Some who were traveling on the heavenly railroad shouted for joy. She now asked the conductor:

"Mister, may I lie here until we go to heaven?"

"Yes, dear, yes," he answered.

She then asked:

"Will you take me up then, so that I might see my ma, your little girl and Jesus! for I do want to see them all!"

"Yes, dear angel, yes; God bless you!"

The answer came in broken accents, but very tenderly spoken.

"Amen!" was sobbed from more than a score of voices.

Turning her eyes upon the conductor she again interrogated him:

"What shall I say to your little girl when I see her? Shall I say to her that I saw her pa on Jesus' railroad?"

This brought a fresh flood of tears from all present, and the conductor knelt by her side, and, embracing her, wept the reply he could not utter.

At this juncture the brakeman called out "H—!"

The conductor arose and requested him to attend to his (the conductor's) duty at the station, for he was engaged.

At this point I was obliged to leave the train.

"Marriage," said an unfortunate husband, "is the church-yard of love." "And you men," replied his wife, "are the grave-diggers."

Rates of Advertising.

One square, ten lines or less, one insertion, \$1 00
For each subsequent insertion, 50
One square two months, 4 00
One square three months, 6 00
One square six months, 10 00
One square one year, 18 00

Annual Advertising Candidates:
Municipal \$2; County \$5; State \$10

Another Victory for Blaine.

WASHINGTON, March 21.—In the House Mr. Caulfield, of the Judiciary Committee reported a bill making it a misdemeanor for any person in the employ of the United States to solicit or contribute funds for election purposes, or to canvass in any election in the United States. Mr. Hoar offered an amendment providing that the bill should not be construed to prevent voluntary contributions for the purpose of circulating documents, or of procuring public addresses on questions of public interest. Mr. Caulfield said it was the object of the Judiciary Committee in reporting the bill to cut off all apologies and excuses of every character.

Mr. Blaine—Does the language of the bill include within its provisions Senators and members of Congress?

Mr. Caulfield—I do not consider that it does, because they are not officers of the government.

Mr. Blaine—Why not include them?

Mr. Caulfield—If the gentleman wishes to include them, he may offer an amendment for that purpose.

Mr. Blaine—I will certainly do so if I am permitted, because my observation has been, and I think that the testimony of the country will be, that there has been more corruption funds contributed in campaigns from Congress, both by successful and defeated candidates, than by a generation of government clerks, whom this bill aims at. If you attempt to cut off \$5 or \$10 contributions, which the Lord knows ought to be saved to these poor clerks, and allow a candidate for Congress to pay \$5,000, \$10,000, \$20,000 or \$50,000, as I have heard of being done, then it seems to me the bill is a mere pretense and does not strike at the evil at all. I move to insert Senators and Representatives in Congress.

Mr. Caulfield—I refuse to yield any further.

The Speaker—Does the gentleman from Illinois yield for the amendment?

Mr. Caulfield—No, I cannot yield.

Mr. Blaine—The gentleman said he would yield.

Mr. Caulfield—Well, I withdraw what I said.

Mr. Blaine—Then the gentleman declines to have Senators and Representatives brought under the same rule as he wishes applied to department clerks?

Mr. Caulfield—The other members of the Judiciary Committee have reports to make and I wish to give them an opportunity to do so; but in reply to what the gentleman from Maine has said, I must say that whatever his experience may be on the subject of contributions by members of Congress and of frauds by them, I know nothing about them. He may speak from experience; I have none on the subject.

Mr. Blaine—I have run for Congress seven times, and have never contributed a postage stamp for any improper purpose whatever, but I can indicate gentlemen who have run for Congress, who have spent \$50,000 in the election. I wish to have a test made in this case, and I now move to reconsider the vote by which the main question was ordered, and it will be for the House to say, on the yeas and nays, whether it will include members of Congress in this bill.

A member—And candidates for Congress.

Mr. Blaine—No, that is too indefinite. The yeas and nays ordered on the motion to reconsider.

Mr. Caulfield offered to admit the amendment, but the offer was received with triumphant shouts of "regular order," regular order! from the Republican side of the House.

The vote was reconsidered—yeas 26; nays 4.

Mr. Blaine then offered his proposed amendment to the bill prohibiting contributions from clerks. The amendment was to include Senators, Representatives, Delegates to Congress, and to add the words: "And the contribution of money or other valuable thing is herein prohibited by any Senator, Representative or Delegate in Congress, while he is a candidate for Congress, and shall, in addition to the penalties herein prescribed, operate as a disqualification to his holding his seat."

Amendments were also offered by Messrs. Reagan, Hewitt, of Alabama, and Brown, of Kentucky, which are to be considered when the bill next comes up.